

The History of

A poore vnminde'd Outlaw sneaking home,  
My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:  
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,  
He came but to the Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his liuery and beg his peace,  
With teares of innocency, and termes of zeale:  
My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd;  
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme  
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,  
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,  
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,  
Attend him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,  
Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,  
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,  
He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,  
Steps me a little higher then his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,  
Vpon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh,  
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme  
Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees  
That lay too heauy on the common weaith,  
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe  
Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,  
This seeming brow of Iustice, did he winne  
The hearts of all that he did angle for;  
Proceeded further, cut mee off the heads  
Of all the fauourites that the absent King  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personall in the Irish warre.  
*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to heare this.  
*Hot.* Then to the poynt.  
In short time after, hee depos'd the King,  
Soone after that, depriu'd him his life,  
And in the necke of that, task't the whole State:  
To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March,  
Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Indeede

Henry the Fourth.

Indeed his King, to bee ingag'd in Wales,  
There without ransome to lie forfeited,  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,  
Sought to intrap mee by intelligence,  
Rated my Vncle from the Councell boord,  
Inrage dismiss'd my father from the Court,  
Broke oth on oth, committed wrong on wrong,  
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out  
This head of safety, and withall to pric  
Into his title, the which we finde  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I returne this answer to the King?

*Hot.* Not so, *Sir Walter.* Weele withdraw awhile:  
Goe to the King, and let there be impaund  
Some surety for the safe returne againe,  
And in the morning earely shall my Vncle  
Bring him our purpose, and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace & loue.

*Hot.* And 't may be, so we shall.

*Blunt.* Pray God you doe.

*Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and Sir Michael.*

*Arch.* Hy, good *Sir Michael*, beare this sealed Briebe  
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,  
This to my cousin *Scroope*, and all the rest  
To whom they are directed. If you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Sir Mi.* My good Lord, I gesse their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough you doe,  
To morrow, good *Sir Michael*, is a day  
Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsbury*,  
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,  
The King with mighty and quicke rayfed power,  
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michael*,  
What with the sicknesse of Northumberland,  
Whose power was in the first proportion;  
And what *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,  
Who with them was rated firmly too,

I

And